

From the Eyes of Karen Wheeler by EggoLover

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Summary: Karen Wheeler's day was like no other until her son comes home with an unexpected guest. Read Mileven from the eyes of Karen Wheeler, our favourite boy's mother. slight mention of Mileven fluff, one-shot

From the Eyes of Karen Wheeler

Karen Wheeler's day started like any other. She woke up at exactly 6:00 AM when her alarm clock rang. She reluctantly pulled herself out of bed and quietly proceeded downstairs to fix up a nice breakfast for her husband and children. Just as she finished cooking the bacon, her son arrived downstairs followed by his older sister. They mumbled a sleepy good morning and started to eat in silence. Her husband then came down, and Karen made him a cup of coffee. The three would soon go upstairs to changed and get ready, while Karen dumped their plates into the sink. As expected, at 7:15, Nancy left the house and rode with her friend Jonathan to her high school. At 7:30, her son's three friends would impatiently ring the doorbell and Mike would rush out the door to bike to school with them. At 7:50, her husband would calmly leave the house commenting that he should be back in time for dinner. Karen, the ever-so-hardworking mother and wife, continued with her daily routine by washing the dishes. She then went did the laundry, cleaned the room, and went shopping for groceries.

Her day stopped following the usual routine at 15:15. Karen was ironing her husband's shirts when her front door was unlocked and she heard light footsteps enter the house. Her son had come home, the same time as usual. Karen poked her head out of the living room to greet her son when she froze. Her son had come home from school with a girl.

Her son.

Mike.

Thirteen year old Mike.

Holding hands.

With a girl.

A GIRL.

Karen was freaking out.

Her son had a girlfriend? Her baby Mike? Her thirteen year old, sweet, innocent, baby Mike? When had he grown up so fast? Wasn't he too young for girlfriends?

Mike took no notice of his mother's freak out session as he happily entered his home, leading the girl by the hand. He immediately went to his mother, and with a huge grin on his face, introduced the girl.

"Mum, this is El. El, this is my mum."

The girl – or El, as her son had called her – fiddled with the sleeves of her sweater shyly and glanced up at Karen Wheeler.

"Nice to meet you Ms. Wheeler. Um, you have a very nice house. I'm sorry for coming here unannounced."

Karen quickly looked the girl up and down as she talked. She had short curly hair, and wore a cute sweater with jeans. Karen had never seen this girl in Hawkins before, but she definitely seemed like her and Mike had a close friendship, or more. Karen noticed how polite El was. Her son had good eyes, he had unknowingly chose the best kind of girls. Strangely, Karen liked this young shy girl already.

"Hello sweetie, make yourself comfortable. Would you like a snack?"

El's face lit up in relief and smiled. Karen caught her son glancing at El with utter adoration accompanied with a proud grin, momentarily grasping their still entwined hands tighter as if to say *'I told you my mum would like you. Why would she not? You're amazing'*.

Mike proceeded to turn promptly on his heels and drag El towards the basement, where he usually hung out with his friends when they came over.

"Mum, we'll be in the basement!" he exclaimed, just as he was about to go down the flight of stairs leading into said basement. He then suddenly stopped and poked his head up the stairs to yell,

"By the way, Lucas, Dustin and Will should be here in about fifteen minutes!"

and with that, turned once again to guide El down the stairs. The girl,

who looked surprised for a moment at being rushed downstairs, hurriedly looked back at Karen and shyly waved at her before happily following after Mike.

As Karen looked at their retreating backs, she noticed that Mike had not let go of El's hand throughout the entire conversation. She smiled. Karen felt like she could trust this girl not to break Mike's heart. She was also proud of her son. She had raised him well, and Karen could tell Mike would kill himself before intentionally hurting the sweet little girl.

Later on, when it gets dark, Karen will go downstairs into the basement to ask whether El needed a ride home. El will politely decline, saying that she can go home on her own, it's no problem. Then much to Karen's surprise, Mike would offer to bike her home. Mike has never done that before, not even for his best friends. Then Karen's mind will quickly backtrack, wondering how El reached the Wheeler household from school, which was a good 45 minutes walk away. Curiosity kills the cat, and Karen would ask that question. To her surprise, again, Mike would nonchalantly spill that El rode on the back of his bike with him from school. That's when Karen understands just how special this girl is to her son. She would understand that El would grow to be a frequent visitor to her house. Because Mike had never, ever let anyone touch his precious bike, let alone ride it with him. He had always been slightly awkward around girls, and he would not try to bike two people at once for a random girl. No, El was Mike's everything at the moment.

And as El leaves the house, Karen will watch from the door how Mike leads El to his bike like a true gentleman. She will pretend not to notice how Mike offers El his jacket and scarf when she shivers a little from the chilly night air. She will smile when she sees El wrap her arms tightly around Mike when she sits on his bike and snuggle her head on his shoulder, resting it there with a small content smile on her face. She will note how Mike smiles fondly at that gesture, quickly turning his head to kiss El's forehead, and whisper something in her ear that makes El giggle before biking off into the dark street.